

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD



Chukga

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A JUNIOR ELF BOOK







A whimsical illustration by Esther Friend. On the left, a large, dark-furred wolf with a pink tongue sits on the ground, looking up. A tree trunk with pink blossoms curves around it. At the top of the tree, a pink owl with large eyes sits on a branch. In the upper right, three pink, cloud-like shapes float in the sky. On the right side of the tree, a small pink bird sits on a branch. In the center, the title 'LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD' is written in a large, black, serif font. Below the title, the text 'Illustrated by ESTHER FRIEND' is written in a smaller, italicized font. In the lower center, the 'Checkerboard Press' logo (a stylized checkerboard) is followed by the text 'CHECKERBOARD PRESS' and 'NEW YORK'. On the right, a young girl in a red hooded cape and a red-and-white striped dress sits on the ground, holding a small red flower. A small dog in a red shirt sits next to her, looking at a basket with a red-and-white checkered cloth. The entire scene is set against a plain, light-colored background.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Illustrated by ESTHER FRIEND



CHECKERBOARD PRESS
NEW YORK

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ONCE upon a time there was a little village girl who was as sweet as sugar and as good as bread. Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother was even fond-

er of her. This kind grandmother had made her a pretty red cloak with a hood, in which the child looked so bright and gay that everyone called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother made some cakes and said to her: "Go, my child, and see how your grandmother



is. I hear she has been ill.
Take her one of these cakes
and this little pot of butter.”



So Little Red Riding-Hood set out at once.

As she walked through the woods she met a big wolf. He would have gob-



bled her up then and there,
but some woodcutters were
near by and he did not
dare. But he did ask her
where she was going.

“I am going to my grandmother.”

“Does she live far off?”
asked the wolf.



“Oh, yes,” answered Little Red Riding-Hood. “She lives beyond the mill you see way down there, at the first house in the village.”

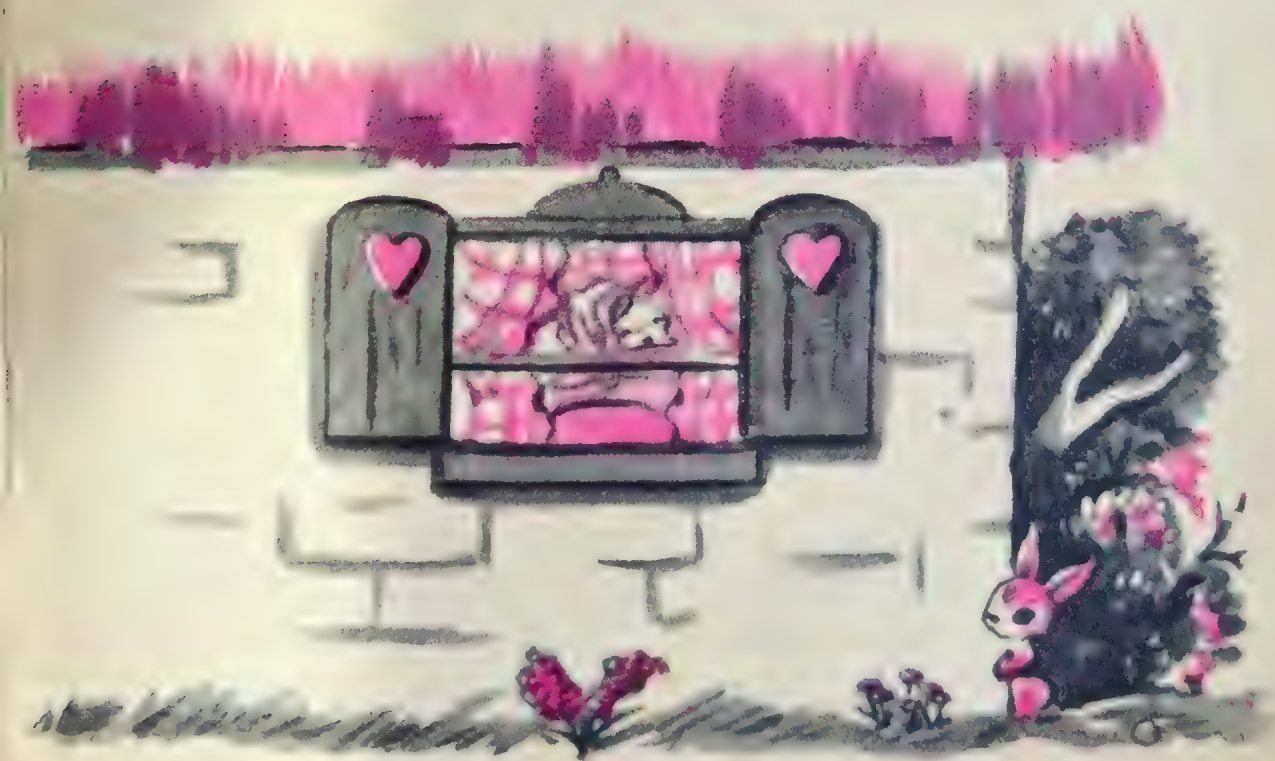
“All right,” said the wolf. “I’ll go and visit her too. I will take this way, and you take that way, and we’ll see who gets there first.”

Soon the wolf arrived at
the grandmother's cottage
and knocked at the door
—*tap! tap!*

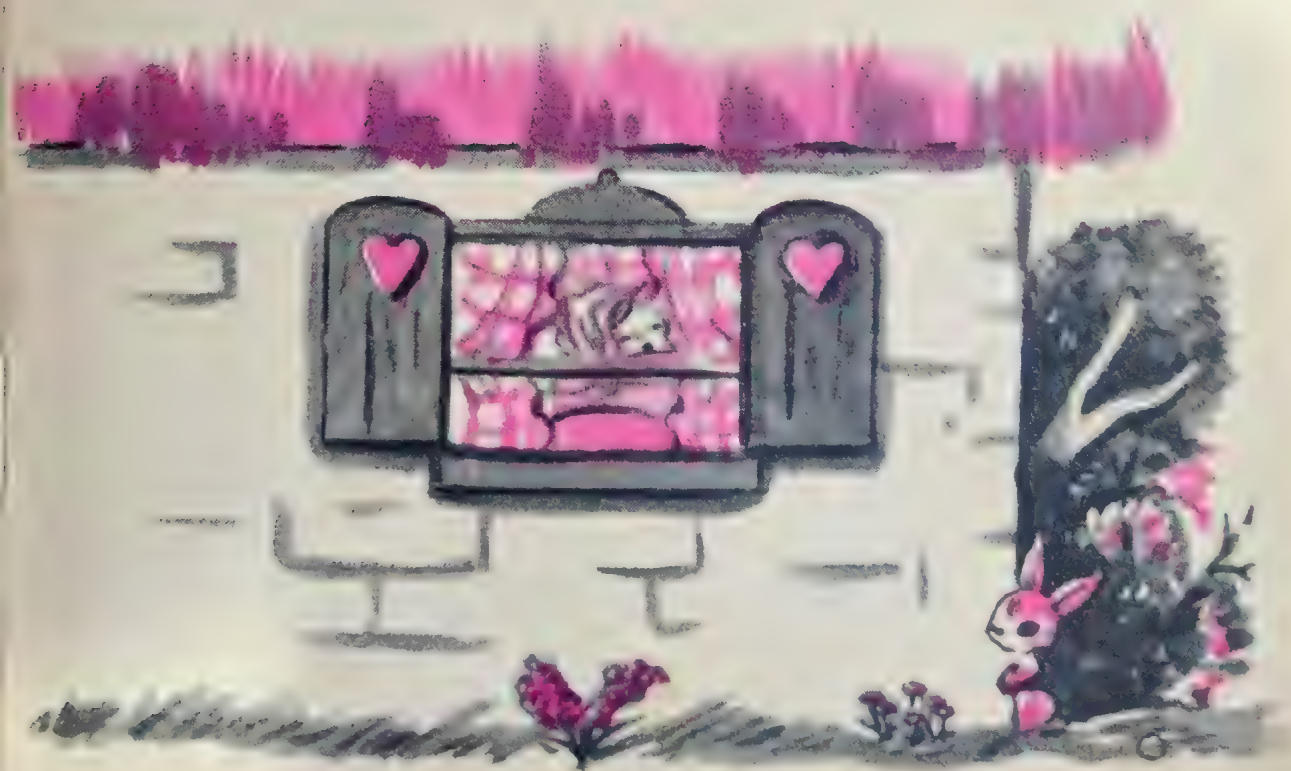
“Who is there?”

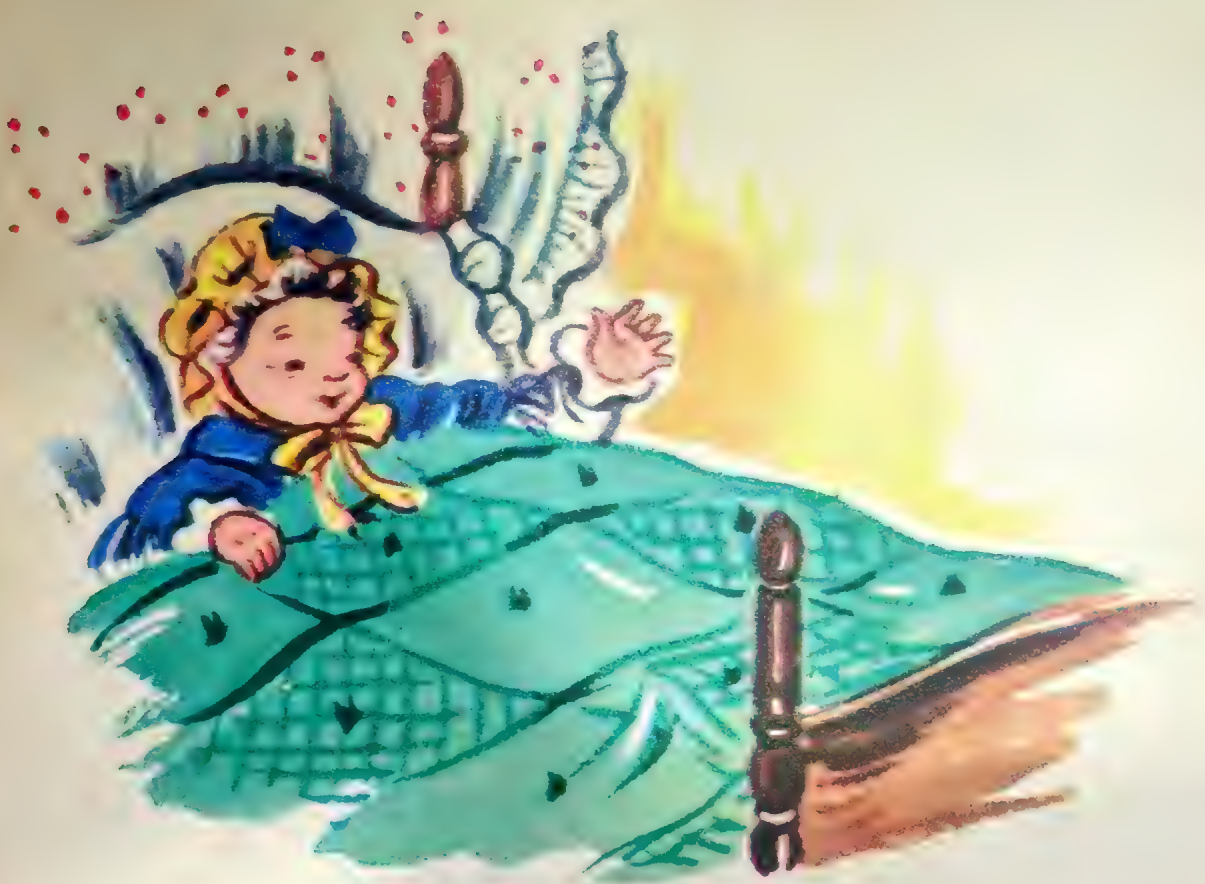


“It is your own Little Red Riding-Hood,” said the wolf, making his voice sound as much like Little Red Riding-Hood’s as he could.



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The good old woman,
who wasn't feeling well and
so was in bed, called out:
“Pull the string, my dear,
and the latch will fly up.”

The wolf pulled the string
and the door opened. He
sprang upon the poor old





grandmother and swallowed her all in one gulp, for it was more than three days since he had had a bite. He did not feel very well after that, but he shut the door, put on the grandmother's cap, and stretched himself out in the old woman's bed to wait for Little Red Riding-Hood.

By and by Little Red Riding-Hood came knocking at the cottage door—
tap! tap!

“Who is there?”

At first Little Red Riding-Hood was frightened at the hoarse voice of the wolf. But she made up her mind that her grandmother must have a cold.





“It is your own Little Red Riding-Hood,” she answered. “I have brought you a cake and a little pot of butter which Mother has made and sent you.”

Then the wolf called out,
softening his voice as well
as he could: "Pull the string,
my dear, and the latch will
fly up."





Little Red Riding-Hood
pulled the string and the
door opened.

When the wolf saw her
come in, he hid himself



under the bedclothes and
said:

“Put the cake and the
little pot of butter on the
shelf, and come here.”

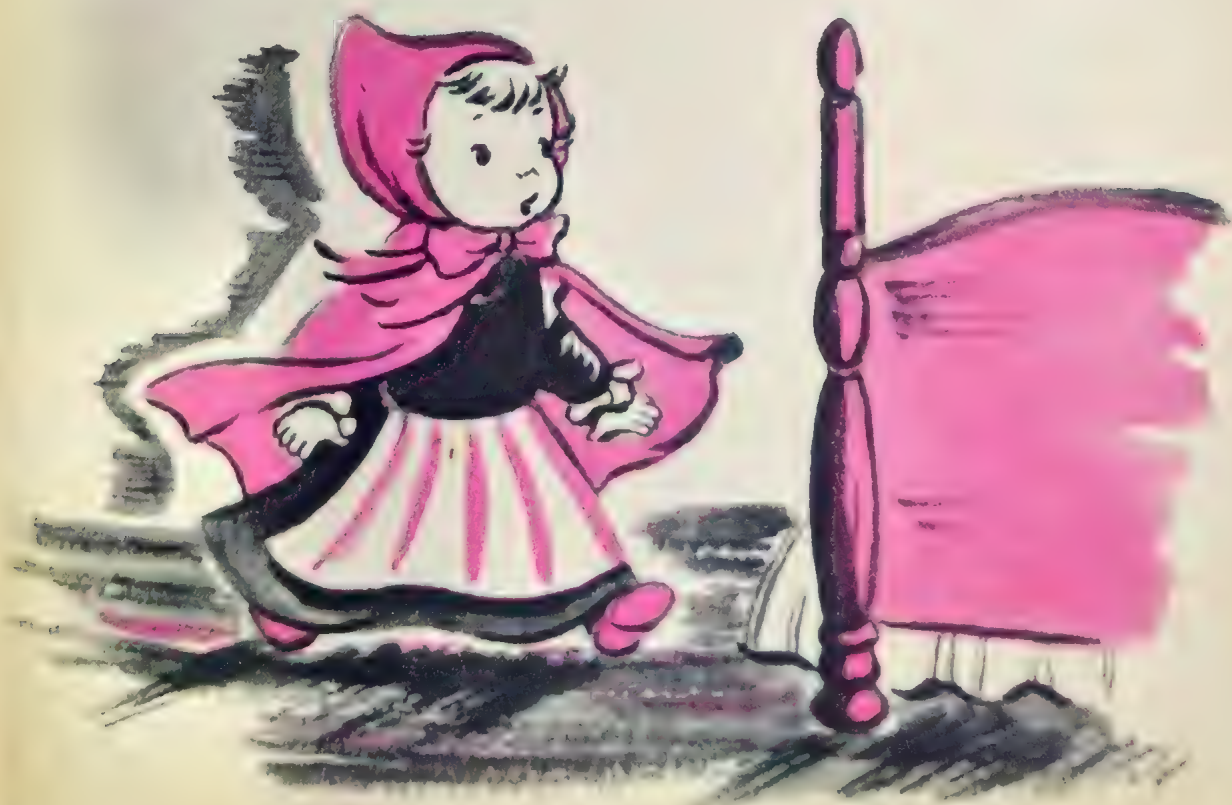
And so Little Red Riding-Hood put the cake and butter on the shelf and went over to the wolf. She was very much surprised to see how strange her



Grandmother looked in her
night clothes and said:

“Grandmother, what
great arms you have!”

“The better to hug you,
my child!”



“Grandmother, what great ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my child!”

“Grandmother, what great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my child!”

“Grandmother, what great teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you!”



With these words the wicked wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood.

And there the story ends. Nobody knows just what happened. Some say that the woodsmen were so near by, cutting trees, that they heard Little Red Riding-Hood scream and came running, just in time to

save her. And they say,
too, that when the woods-
men cut the wolf open,
there they found the grand-
mother, whole and sound!





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